

Mesquiteville Happenings

(From the Weekly Sixshooter.)

Tom and Mrs. Grady are the proud parents of twins born Monday night. All concerned doing well. Tom says they're both demerits. Nuff said.

The little barn ought to be painted. It is unsightly in its present state and would shock one of them Nebraska farmers who comes here to homestead from a land where they have real barns.

The merry cackle of the Plymouth rock hen is now heard in our midst. Will Hunker's uncle sent him a rooster and six hens from Old Missouri and Bill is eating fresh eggs faster than the hens can lay them.

Ell Cummins is seriously sick. He went down to the county seat last week and when he came home he was still wearing a white face "bled" shirt. Ell went out to milk the cow and not being used to a white faced shirt she took exception with both hind feet. Moral—boys white faced shirts are good for social affairs only.

If you don't think it rains in New Mexico, you ought to have been out hayrack riding with the crowd of young people last Tuesday night. It was moonlight when they started out but it began to rain a half hour later and kept it up until midnight. They stopped at the Helly Jones ranch and tried to borrow a boat but they didn't have one.

Lemuel Sampson, who has a homestead ten miles south of here brought in a load of potatoes Saturday and sold the whole works for more money than most men see in a year. One big one is in our window. It weighs three pounds and would have gone to four if Lem hadn't picked it before it was ripe. What we all ought to do is to go to farming and live easy.

Mesquiteville is going to have a church. This has long been a crying need of the town. When the subscription list comes around don't be afraid to know how much you can give. When we get a church, we'll corral a good preacher some where and then there'll be something else doing Sunday besides the poker game in the back of Al Moore's barber shop.

One of the "Lonely B" boys was fined fifty dollars by Judge Hicks Saturday for packing a gun. He would have been alright if he had kept sober and also kept quiet. The practice of shooting in the air as you ride out of town is getting so common and the truth is the "Lonely B" boys do the most of it. Hereafter keep your gun under your coat tail where it belongs and act like a real gent. If you do you will save money and Judge Hicks won't be a candidate for justice of the peace next year. He's a democrat anyhow.

The dance at dobe Smith's last Wednesday was the most enjoyable social affair of the season. The boys from the XYL outfit came over and made things quite lively. They are telling a joke on Sandy Robbins of the XYL. When he climbed on his pony to go home, all the girls were watching him in admiration and he would sure have done things to a lot of hearts only some low down rival of Sandy's had loosed his saddle cinches and put a handful of cactus under the saddle blanket. Sandy hasn't found his pony yet, nor the fellow who done it.

The Women's Literary society met Friday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Kate Landy. No quorum present but a short session was held anyhow as Mrs. Landy had prepared delicate refreshments. The following papers were read: Mrs. Ed Pierce—Shakespeare as compared with modern writers. Mrs. S. Macgrunder—What a woman ought to read and what a woman ought to read. Mrs. Macgrunder had another paper on "What a man ought to read" which she will read at the next meeting of the Literary. Coffee, cake and nut sandwiches closed the program.

Marshal Jim Francis has give notice to every one residing in the town limits to quit throwing tomato and other cans into the street in front of your residences. Throw them in the back yard or in your neighbor's back yard or take them out east of the cemetery where they won't be in the way. Marshal Francis is right. It is not the duty of the marshal to go around picking up tin cans. He is not hired to do so and he ought to arrest the next one he catches. Last year the little son of Fred Sparks stepped on an old can and almost cut his foot off and Alf Lemkin's fine two year old bay mare is lame yet from stepping on an oyster can in front of the post-office and feed store so it is plain the practice has got to stop. Marshal Francis says he'll bet any man in town he has picked up five hundred old cans on the street of this town in the last two months. Tin cans may be the source for which this place is noted and are dangerous to pedestrians and other animals and we hope there won't be any more of this which would cause Marshal Francis to make good his bluff. Stop it.

THE FLOATER AND HOW HE FLOATS

Interesting Life Led by Railroad Construction Men, who Live in Box Car Homes and Travel All Over the Country With Their Families.

She was a blue eyed, light haired little girl, skipping about over a vacant stretch of track between two strings of box car homes in the Santa Fe yards, now dividing her attention between a rag doll and the home she was scooping out of the dirt for it and now busily conveying the dirt in an empty tomato can to another part of her playground.

She was a light hearted, happy little creature, humming a bit of some nursery rhyme and taking a switch engine whizz by, making as much noise as switch engines can. She looked up and with a smile on her face waved at the brakeman, clinging on the rear of the tender, who very promptly waved back.

Unconsciously she played while a passerby slipped up and stood watching her. She looked at him with surprise written on her face. "Who are you? I never saw you before," she said.

Unmindful of the child's question

the stranger said, "Don't you think you could find a safer place to play. You might get hurt here with all these trains passing over the tracks every few minutes."

She was at home. "Why I live here and mamma says I ought to play around close to home."

"You live here," he interjected with much surprise. "Yes, right here," she said, pointing to the nearest box car. "Don't you go to school?"

"No. Mamma move about all over the country," and she swept her little arm about to convey the vastness of her travels. "I don't go to school, mamma and papa teach me."

"You all live in the box car?" "Sure, papa, mamma and me and papa's brother."

"What do you all do?" "Oh, mamma she cooks for a lot of men and papa and Fred work." She was a daughter of the "floaters," a new class of labor employed on the western railroads. The nickname given them indicates the kind of work they do, something here one week then a job at the other end of the division the next week. Thus they float over the division and from one division to another and on over the whole road.

Where They Originated. The "floaters" appeared simultaneously on the western roads several years ago. They were needed to do work which was too much for the average section gang and which did not justify sending out a gang of laborers and establishing a camp. The "floaters" are at home any time and ready to work, all the company has to do is to hustle them to the scene of action.

Then railroad companies found it to their advantage to keep some bridge carpenters housed in box cars and moving over the different divisions making what repairs were needed on the bridges. The little blue-eyed girl belonged to a bridge carpenter's family and her mother conducted a boarding house for the gang of carpenters.

Home Life in a Box Car. Her home in the box car was as cheerful as a busy mother could make it. It was small of course, and everything that went into it had to be in harmony with the size of it.

One end of the car was curtained off. It contained the bed. A heating stove stood near the head of the table was pushed back against one side, four chairs were arranged about in the available space. Fred's bunk was at the other end, curtained off. On a shelf were some books and an old phonograph.

The walls were papered with old newspapers and pictures from the magazines and some old family photos. Old lace curtains hung from the windows. The trunks and grips were stowed away under the bed. Such is a white "floater's" home.

In another car is the dining room. There is a long table taking up the full length of the car, except the small space for the stove and cooking utensils. Benches were on each side and at each end of the table. Usually the wife of one of the bridge carpenters cooks for the gang or part of the number if it is a big gang.

All Space is in Use. On top of the cars the men carry the odds and ends of their trade. There is a bag for tools and when it is filled the tops of the box car homes are utilized for old beams, sheets of tin, etc.

At the end of each box car home you are pretty sure to find a wash tub, and when the home stops, on a siding for a week or two a clothes line is strung up from the car to a convenient telegraph pole and the family washing is done.

Then there is the water barrel, usually at the end of the dining car and the supply of fuel for the floaters in the tool car or distributed in the coal boxes in the different car homes.

It is a nomadic life. Probably here repairing a bridge one week, now working on another fifty miles away the next week. Perhaps they have the switch yards of a big city for their home for a month and are then hustled off up in the mountains, miles from any habitation with a dreary waste of sage brush and dead hills confronting the eye in every direction. Such is the life of the floater.

Duties of a Floater. Say an innocent looking arroyo suddenly becomes a roaring torrent because of a deluge of rain up in the mountains and in its fury it washes out a railroad bridge. A wire is sent from the man in authority to division headquarters. "Send two engines and 200 floaters."

A short time after the washout the men are looking on where the bridge once stood and it immediately becomes a scene of activity.

If it is in a timber country a gang of men is set to work cutting down trees and another is laying a spur of track here; the engines are puffing about placing the timbers where they are most needed. Piers are built up in the bed of the stream where the old bridge once stood and in twenty-four or forty-eight hours traffic is resumed, the temporary bridge is in use and will remain so until a more stable structure can be erected.

A great many of the floaters, those that compose the common labor class, come from Old Mexico; that is, they are Spanish speaking. The Southern Pacific and Rock Island. In the north they are Japanese and so on over the country.

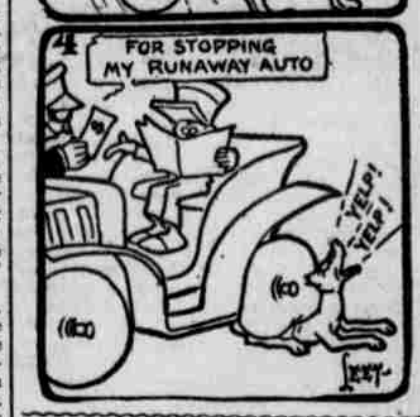
One Hundred in Local Yards. Last week there were probably one hundred floaters quartered in the Santa Fe yards in Albuquerque. Three-fourths of them were from Old Mexico and the rest, the skilled laborers, were Americans, bridge carpenters mostly.

The laborers from Old Mexico get from 60 cents to over a dollar a day. They have their families with them and board themselves in their box car homes. In camp out on the road they usually build up a big campfire in front of the cars and sit around it in the evening playing cards and listening to the music, for there are always some musicians in the gangs.

The bridge carpenters are paid \$2.50 a day. The railroads have found the "floaters" useful and will continue to keep them indefinitely. The "floaters" seem pleased with their life, as changeable as it is, and the fascination of it keeps them in the service.

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Sold by all dealers.

"DIC" AND "DOC." The happy-go-lucky pair stop a runaway automobile, BUT poor Doc does all the hard work, while Dic cops the reward.



PERCY AND BILL

Percy Jones at nine years old. Wore Sunday clothes to school. He always had his hair combed right.

And never broke a rule. Percy was his mama's boy. His hands were nice and clean, And Percy shunned the bad, bad boys.

Who treated him so mean. Percy never had a dog. A sling shot nor a sled. He'd rather sit and read good books.

When he should be in bed. But Percy was a model youth. A regular "teacher's pride." Much better than the other kids. Who weren't when they tried.

There was another ragged lad. Whose hair stood straight on end. His trousers seats got holes in them. As fast as he could mend.

The kids all called the ragged lad. The simple name of Bill. His other name they did not know. Perhaps they never will.

Ragged Bill could fight his fights. Played marbles too, for keeps. He picked on little Percy. Until Percy got the weeps.

But Percy was a martyr true. And scorned to use his bully. The kids kept up their teasing. 'Till he almost had the fits.

Percy's eyes were big and sad. Bill's usually blue and blue. And while Percy grew more slender, Bill gained a pound or two.

Percy grew to manhood. And became a banker's clerk. While Bill grew and got married. And did anything but work.

But Percy's cheeks grew paler. And he got a hacking cough. And ever many days his spirit, Was wasted up aloft in rage.

They bore him to the graveyard. A sad and solemn ride. Bill drove the hearse in silence And poor Percy was inside.

The years went round as ever. Till poor Percy was forgot. Bill sat in the game of poker. And by luck he raked the pot.

Then suddenly he was his bully. With his strong and robust frame. He opened up "an office." And he quickly made a name.

His house was of the finest. And he owned an auto too. While the whole town came to see him.

And asked him what to do. Cut in the little grave yard. Mided a lot of finer stones. Stood a modest shaft of granite. Bearing simply "Percy Jones."

Bill lives and has his being. And he likewise has the dough. While where poor Percy Jones is. No one seems to care or know.

When Bill dies he may be worse off. There are those who say he will. But at the present writing. It don't seem to worry Bill.

He could not take his money. Which might make his dying hard. But he knows that if he wants to. He can own the whole grave yard.

"Paw's got a demijohn, ain't he?" "Hush, Edwin." "Can I have a bun?" "Yes, Edwin, there are some in the bread box."

"I mean like paw gets." "Go and play, Edwin." "I wanna go on the cars." "You can't, you haven't a ticket."

"Yes I have. I've got a milk ticket." "A milk ticket isn't good on a train." "Isn't it good even on a milk train?"

"Edwin, leave the room." "Does a milk train stop at water tanks?" "Yes. Hold your tongue." Silence for about two minutes.

"What?" "I had to let go. It's slippery."

TAMBIEN

ETIQUETTE IN ARIZONA. (As seen back east.)

Alkali like (to Miss Easterner at dance). "Ef its jes' th same to you Miss, would you mind couplin' onto my left arm 'stead of th right?"

Miss Easterner—Why certainly Mr. Alkali. Is that the custom out here?" Alkali like—"No'm not exactly but er—i never did git so I could shoot well with my left hand."

The girls of '76 are alright and so are the daughters of the American Revolution but the average man will keno on the girl of 18 and the present day daughters of Eve.

A Chicago theater last week celebrated its fiftieth birthday. So did some of the winsome chorus girls appearing there this season.

A robber broke into an Albuquerque coal dealer's office but didn't get anything of value. The coal was all locked up in the big safe.

The papers say that the empress of China is about to retire. What an old owl she must be if she has been staying up all this time.

There was only one suicide this year in Arizona—he called a friend names and didn't have a gun.

Carnegie's statement that "we" have too much property don't refer to very many in that word "we."

There is one thing in the public eye oftener than anything else—dust.

THE VILLIAN STILL PURSUED HER

ACT ONCE. "Ah, ha, muttered the villain (They all say it). It's in the business. I wonder where the gal is with the missing papers. She promised to meet me here at the old mill at nine. It's now 8:30 and she hasn't come."

"Well, gal, did you bring the papers?" "Here they are kind sir. And now please tell the squire not to mortgage the mortgage on the old homestead, because mam's too strong to work and can't be turned out in the street."

"Nonsense, little gal; I'll protect you. With these papers in my possession it's impossible for the squire to make a cigarette. Ha, ha, ha!" With a wild laugh he flung open the door and they went out into the night.

CURTAIN.



"Say dad." "Well son?" "What's an exaggerated ego?" "Your mother's new hat, my son."

TODAY'S ONE BEST YET. That the price of Turkey's will steadily increase until the 28th.

A BIT OF ADVICE. DON'T REJECT IT. You'll find it a pretty good rule: When the furnace goes out don't go raving about. But make it a point to keep cool!

The finest Coffee Substitute ever made, has recently been produced by Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis. You don't have to boil it twenty or thirty minutes. It's made in a minute! Says the doctor, "Health Coffee" is really the closest Coffee Imitation ever yet produced. Not a grain of real coffee in it either. Health Coffee Imitation is made from purest cereals or grains, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert—were he to unknowingly drink it for Coffee. Sold by all dealers.

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THE CUB'S CORNER

A B-proof. See dem reed birds flyin'. "Crost dat marshy place? See dem plump persimmons Darin' you to taste? See dem yellor pumpkins How de's rounded out. Hand times, honey? What's you talkin' 'bout?"

Apples in de orchard. Sweet an' hangin' low; Rabbit takin' exercise. Foh footprints in de snow. "Possum prowlin' round de tres Eatin' till he's stout. Hand times, honey? What's you talkin' 'bout?"

Letting Them Down Easy. A group of men were standing on a Central Avenue corner Saturday night discussing the recent financial stringency.

"Now, look at me," said one, "I keep laying up something every day, but I never get ahead any." He was a bricklayer.

"I'm worse off yet," spoke up an excavating contractor, "I'm in the hole all the time."

"Never mind, boys," said a prosperous looking individual who had overhauled their remarks, "you'll all get let down easy in the end."

"How's that?" asked the bricklayer. The prosperous individual extended his card. He was the undertaker.

Stories—That Might Have Happened. The other day I wrote a little paragraph like this: "Jim Jones leaves tonight for Magdalena, where he expects to reside on a ranch. That is a great country for cattle."

I don't see anything wrong with that, but Jim did, and he came around to see the editor about it before he left town.

That's the trouble with being the Cuban Now. If they would let me write up something really worth while a fellow could have some show. Just to show you, here's some stories written up right—the way they do it in New York:

Shocked by the disclosure of a bit of paper found in her husband's trousers pocket, Mrs. Julia Spendum, the beautiful young wife of John Spendum, a plumber residing at 4597 Arno Street, fell in a swoon early today, seriously fracturing her right celluloid side comb, and upsetting a large bowl of pancake batter on the family cat, which ran wildly up the street alarming the neighbors who immediately rushed to the scene.

Mrs. Spendum, who will be remembered as the beautiful debutante of two seasons ago, was sufficiently recovered this afternoon to join a tailyho party to Isleta, though still very nervous. She had never seen today, stated that the unfortunate occurrence was due to an oversight on his part in leaving a twenty dollar bill in his trousers pocket this morning—she never having found more than fifteen cents on her previous morning inspections.

After blasting the fond hopes of his beautiful young fiancé, by telephoning her that he could not be married to her tonight as announced George Itchy, a plate polisher employed at Stokert's restaurant, rushed wildly into the street and dashed headlong into a drug store next door and asked for five cents worth of oil of pennyroyal. Miss Goleff, who will be remembered as the beautiful young debutante of last season, was prostrated for several hours, until her fiancé reached her side with an explanation. It appears that while industriously plying his trade this morning Itchy was badly stung by an infuriated hornet in such a manner as to render it impossible for him to stand still. The ceremony which was to have been a swell affair, has been postponed a week.

A. Ezymarsky, a Russian laborer, 73 years of age, was found in a serious condition at his humble home near Alameda Sunday. Anticipating the rigid enforcement of the Sunday law, Ezymarsky came to the city Saturday evening and after making the preliminary preparations for a quiet Sunday, discovered he had only twenty cents left, with which he purchased ten cents worth of coal and two loaves of bread. Becoming hungry on his way home and being unable to distinguish the packages in the darkness, he swallowed the coal. The doctors say the amount was hardly large enough to result in permanent injury.

"Jenks is the most considerate man I ever knew." "Why so?" "He bought an alarm clock so his wife can get up in time to make a fire for breakfast."



SAVED TWO BROTHERS FROM DEATH. Extract from a letter written by Mr. Chas. Burnett, of Chicago, Ill.: "You will find among your records, that my brother, Ed. Burnett, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, had Consumption, was treated by you, and effectually cured."

I was so far gone with Consumption that the doctors gave me up to die. I returned to my old home at Grand Rapids and went under the treatment of a physician who was said to be a specialist in Pulmonary diseases. He treated me for some time, but I did not feel I was making the progress I anticipated. Then, remembering my brother's case, I began taking your treatment and continued it until I say here, that were it not for your medicine, I do not believe I would be alive today.

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